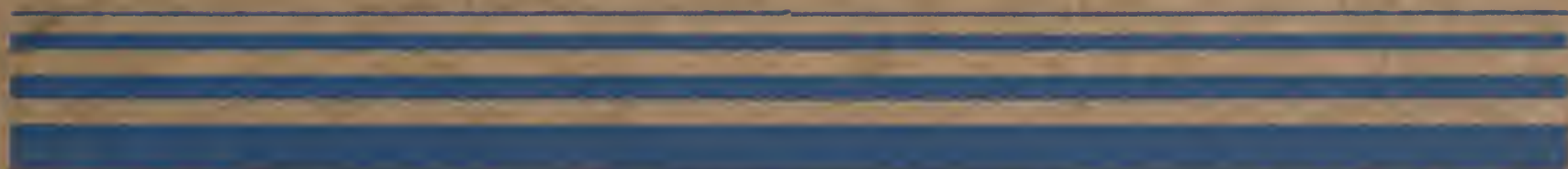


The
HUTTLESTONIAN
1932



THE HUTTLESTONIAN

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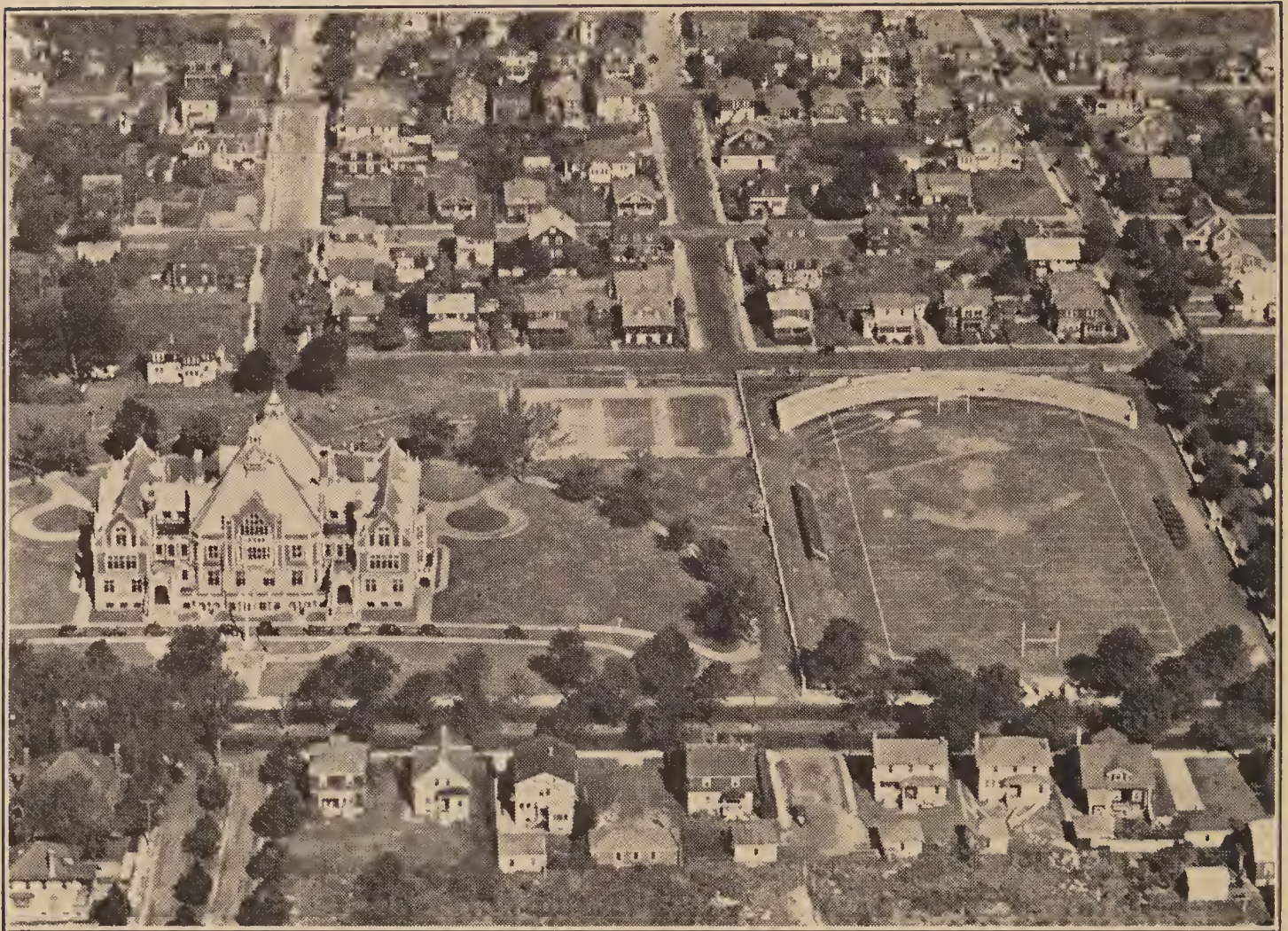
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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

VOL. 10

No. 1



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Night

The sun set in a blood-red
Turmoil. The shadows led
Their ghostly way as runes
From vales like darkened tombs.
The silver crescent shed her shroud
Of gossamer shapes and stardust cloud.

The countless windows
Of the sky's huge dome
Opened their shutters.
The cold night air stole
On silent feet, o'er
Ridge and moor.
The twisted limbs of trees
Hid the goblins' tryst
And witches spree.
Their mutilated fingers pointed
At the bare and wretched skyline.
The river coursed its way
Unchallenged, to the fog's murky lair.
Then, Night was crowned king,
And held merry court
In his firmament.

Walter Thomas, '32

Bombardment

Edwards laid his rifle aside. It was heavy. He climbed slowly down from the rough side of the trench.

There had been a lull in the firing for over an hour, but behind the enemy lines could be heard the rumbling of lorries. The rumble continued all the afternoon as Edwards, off duty, lay back on his straw in one of the heavier dugouts. Sewall came in. He threw himself down.

"There'll be a bombardment tonight," he said; "probably an attack, too."

"You're cheerful, Sewall," said Edwards, but his hand shook as he raised a cigarette to his lips. Why was he such a coward? Ever since he'd been sent up to the front line under Gaskell he'd acted like a fool. He quaked at every shell that screamed overhead, and turned white at the dry, throaty rattle of machine guns.

"I hear they're going to use trench mortars on us." It was Sewall speaking. "You know, it's a funny thing, but those guns blow a man right out of his clothes. Concussion, y'know. I was comin' through Hierre — that's the town they've been blasting to bits, and men, stark naked and dead, were all over the place. I was talkin' with Louie about it yesterday, and he says that ——"

"Oh, shut up! Don't you suppose I know what they're like? I'd rather get one of them in the neck than have to sit here and listen to you shoot your mouth off about what happens to the poor devils who do get 'em. Shut up, I'm telling you!"

Sewall shut up.

They sat thus for an hour and a half, Sewall dozing, Edwards in a numb agony as he thought of the horrors of the coming night.

It was dark when Corporal Gaskell stuck his head in the door and bawled, "Out front! All of ya'! Sewall, Edwards, Winston, Payson, Minsky. Forward and report to supply depot for five rolls of wire for wire fatigue."

The five of them crawled over the parapet and edged along, a small role of barbed wire dragging behind each one. As they reached the remains of the wire that had been put up four days before, they raised themselves on their knees and took to unrolling the spools. Both

lines of trenches were unusually quiet. Yet Edwards knew that enemy snipers were even now getting a bead on them through telescopic sights.

Minsky was the first to go. He leaped up into the air, doubled over, and fell onto the very wire he had been rigging. Edwards turned paler. He was glad it was dark, for now he couldn't see poor Minsky's distorted face.

Winston went next. He crumpled up without a sound. After twenty minutes of agonizing suspense, during which they tore their hands as they strung the wire along, they heard Gaskell's shrill whistle. Back the remaining three went, yanking the bodies of Winston and Minsky behind them.

They hadn't been in the trench five minutes when the bombardment started. Every man turned into the dug-out nearest him. Twelve men were in Edwards', Gaskell included. The huge shells, screaming overhead, the low-spreading shrapnel, the rocket flares, the terrifying "booooooom" as a mortar shell struck near — all tended to reduce the already worn-out men to a state of mental and physical inertia that was the only thing that saved the twelve from going utterly mad.

The booming roars, the shrill whistling of the shells, and the infernal noise lasted five and a half hours. Then suddenly the barrage lifted. Instantly the men prepared for the attack. Outside, two machine guns were already in place and sputtering. It seemed incredible that human beings could have lived through such a terrific shelling, yet now men appeared on all sides. Hand grenades were quickly passed out. Bayonets were fixed in place.

Edwards looked back toward the reservists' trenches. All around them fountains of earth leaped up into the night sky like things alive. The first of the enemy scurried across the short distance that separated the two lines of trenches. They came on in a seemingly never-ending, indistinguishable mass of gray forms. The machine guns picked them off like flies; as the guns got hot quickly because of the lack of water, they jammed. The barbed wire was in singularly good shape, despite the heavy shelling.

Edwards pitched a hand grenade its specified sixty feet. Payson, beside him, threw one forty feet. The distance was important. Edwards watched his. It rose into the air in a graceful arc, then descended. Edwards saw the young German it fell on, saw him disappear in a horrifying cloud of smoke and burst of flame. Suddenly, Edwards knew fear such as he had never experienced before. It froze him in his

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tracks, robbed him of strength, stilled his very thoughts, and sent but one thing through his tired brain: "What if that should happen to me?" He heard the cry, "Counter — attack! Counter — attack! Over and forward — *all!*" He knew the command; knew that it meant hand-to-hand fighting. He couldn't stand that! To see his own bayonet kill another man — never!

He looked around the now deserted trench. Only one man was there. It was Sewall. And what was *he* doing here? Oughtn't he to be out on the parapet, holding off the enemy? He ran up to him. Sewall was crouched down, his face beneath his great coat. Edwards grabbed him by the collar and stood him up. He was filled with a sudden, illogical fury that this man was a coward, a slacker. He saw himself in this craven, and the sight drove him into a rage. Forgotten, now, was his own cowardliness.

"You yellow dog! Get out there! Come on!" He dragged him up over the edge of the trench, handed him his rifle and exclaimed: "Sewall! Forward for skirmishing!" Sewall's eyes brightened up; recognition poured into them.

"Let's go, Edwards!"

"O. K., Sewall!"

They went forward, grimly, determinedly.

A shell screamed suddenly, hissed frightfully, and - - -

* * * * *

"Roll Call".

"Hinty."

"Hep."

"Rudell."

"Yay."

"Page."

"Heah!"

"Edwards."

No answer.

"Sewall."

No answer.

"Putnam." (A bit throatily)

"Yaya."

"Company six, march easy."

John B. Leonard, '33



Men Like Pins Are Useless When They Lose Their Heads

Ability is merely the strength to make constant attempts. We hardly know when we are on the verge of success or failure; often we do not know that we have passed it. How few would have failed if they had used their heads, if they had not given up when everything seemed to be a hopeless failure. That which may have seemed lost, by a little more perserverance and endeavor, may turn to remarkable fame. "As the tide goes out, so it comes in."

One cannot fail unless he does not try any longer. There can be no defeat inwardly, no actually insuperable hinderance save our own innate unstableness of purpose.

Lois R. Macomber, '34

Our New Cover Design

Attention should be called this year to the new design on the cover of our magazine, which, in all probability, will be used for some time. The picture of the school at the top of the cover is set in a panel recessed in the cover stock.

Due to the fact that the initial cost of a cover of this type is expensive, the staff of the "Huttlestonian" has been questioned and slightly criticized for its choice.

We feel, however, that the added expense this year will be more than offset by the financial saving in years to come and the assurance that the magazine will always have a practical and attractive cover design.

Genevieve B. Marston, '33.

Romance In English

What, my dear Reader! You admit that English is one of the primary requisites of an education, but you think it dry and lacking in imagination? Oh, but you are wrong, undeniably so. Why, English is not one of the primary requisites of an education, -- indeed not. English is education.

You want an explanation? Certainly, unknown Reader, you are entitled to it. Anyone with kindness enough to even glance at this rambling is entitled to it. I said, "English is Education" for this reason. Can you imagine a lawyer with a complete knowledge of law trying to present a case to a jury in a clear, concise, and logical manner without a mastery of English? Have you not heard lectures by men who undeniably were leaders in their fields of endeavor that sounded flat and uninteresting because they lacked a certain something in their English, an ability to put themselves across? Can you picture a person trying to "sell himself" to an employer when his knowledge of English is inadequate? In all probability you know and have actually witnessed cases similar to these.

You have a question, my Reader. I can see you are just bursting to rid yourself of it. I anticipated that question. Yes, most of these men have a knowledge of English but one, such as you are acquiring, dry and interesting, devoid of romance. You wonder how this latter enters into English? Can you visualize anything more romantic than the Roman Galleys, Spanish Galleons, or Colonial Windjammers, plying their commercial routes into unknown countries? No history is more colorful than the history of commerce and that is the definition of practical English -- commerce of words. You have an idea, you trade it for ideas of someone to whom you are talking. You want a position and outfit a vessel with your best English and send it to your prospective employer in hopes that your cargo will be exchanged for a position. Not only in these cases but in any other where words are exchanged, is this commerce perfected.

This all leads us to several rules we must use in the injection of romance into our English. The same rules hold in this as in commerce in accepted sense. When a ship leaves port, it knows where it is going. It does not cognizant however, the exact route; circumstances arrange that. Thus it is in our exchange of words, phrases, and ideas. We

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

should understand the point at which we are endeavoring to arrive, but our correct wording should not be prearranged. When we start a sentence we should know what it is going to convey but should allow the words to come unbidden, and to express our feelings. We should have our thoughts well in mind but not arranged in preconceived A, B, C. form. Rather, we should allow the questions and objections, spoken and unspoken decide the course we are going to steer.

One more point we must note particularly. Would a commercial company send a river flatboat across the Atlantic? Most assuredly not. Nor must we send flat boats of English. In explanation, comes this reply. When conversing with a friend, use slang in a formal and technical report. In other words, our ship of grammar must be one fitted for the route it is to take and outfitted by a crew and supplies best fitted to the particular cause.

My dear Reader, I must stop this discourse. I can see you have had enough. Do try my hints, however. I feel assured that you will find your English assuming a romantic and interesting angle.

Pauline Perry, '32



Don'ts For A Would Be Writer

Don't sit in a chair for hours,
Your scattered ideas to compose,
Don't fool with your pen or belongings,
Or, surely, your thoughts you will lose.
Don't lie for one night eyes open,
Angrily ranging your words,
Don't let your eyes wander all over,
Nor sit in a chair and converse.
But pull a firm seat to the desk side,
Use the fingers which often are numb,
Put your pen to your paper and push it
Writing down all your thoughts as they come.

Virginia Morgan, '34

DEPARTMENT NOTES

ATHLETICS

Girls' Sports

Many students of Fairhaven High School forget that in addition to boys' varsity teams in all sports the girls also are striving to organize successful squads to represent their school in two of their main sports -- hockey and basketball.

Considering that the only backing and evidence of interest that the girls get during their games are from substitutes, a few close friends, and curious onlookers, a large majority of them turn out with much spirited ambition. Added to this is the fact that these appointed girls are supposed to play just as important a part in representing their school as do the boys; therefore, they should, by right, receive more recognition and interest than they do.

When the girls win a game in some sport -- a good, hard-fought game, nothing is said at school the next day and nothing is presented to them in acknowledgment of the honor which should be bestowed upon them. But the girls do their bit because of the loyalty they have for their school.

There is one way to solve this problem -- cooperation. Cooperation means almost everything to a group which is working out a systematic plan of doing things. It is one of the main factors in sports -- particularly football. It concerns not only the players out on the field but also the onlookers, rooters, and cheer-leaders.

If the cheer leaders are in good form, if the crowd knows the cheers and what is meant by loyalty, then our school will be branded "Excellent." Why? We are all working for one thing -- we are all striving to get ahead.

But -- if the cheer leaders are slow, are in poor form, and do not know the cheers -- if the crowd does not care how or when it responds the spirit of the school must be regarded as poor. Football is over now, but there will be other games in which organized cheering will take place, and there are other football seasons to come.

Which label will be placed upon the representatives of Fairhaven High -- Excellent, or Poor? Did the crowds cooperate with their leaders during the past season or were they shifters and unworthy of sitting in the rooters' section, supposedly supporting their school?

We are under the first brand now. It has not only singed the top layer, but has sunk in -- good and deep and has left a scar worth being proud of. It is going to be right on doing that. Do you agree? Of course. But to completely agree you must stand behind your school and follow the girls who have been chosen to lead you. At this time they appeal to you with the greatest of sincerity to cooperate and be branded -- "Excellent."

Helen A. Knowlton, '34

Boys' Athletics

Football, as a game, develops a boy physically to the point of perfection. By the middle of the season he is, what we call athletically speaking, "in the pink of condition." He is alert, alive both mentally and physically. To those parents who strenuously object to the game because of its rougher element, there is a message in the note that football is a science. The team with the best players individually does not always win. Teamwork, outwitting the other fellow, asking yourself what you would expect in his position and then "crossing him up." Those are the elements of the game which should prove to you the benefits of the sport.

The game of baseball is called by the sport-loving public, "our national sport." Why? Because more youths enter into this game than into all of our other sports combined. This favorite pastime develops perfect muscle coordination, turning to split second, and beyond a doubt develops the eye.

People sometimes forget that these games were not developed solely for recreational purposes. The man who invented the games took into consideration the benefit that could be obtained and stressed it. Dr.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Meanwell who has done so much for the sport of basketball, states that, "Athletics are the life of our young men, preparing them for the far more important game of life."

While on the subject of basketball, let us discuss its merits also. This game is coming swiftly to the fore in school activities. It is a game that above all things demands speed. It develops this asset along with footwork, feinting in and out of position, cutting and weaving.

In every one of these games the main point to be reached is teamwork. There is not a coach in the country that stresses individuality. To do this would be to destroy the harmony and perfect cooperation of a team.

John D. Mendell, Jr., '33



Music Appreciation

A great many people of the world when thinking of music always think of "jazz", the so-called popular music that we hear so frequently today. Very seldom do we find a person who really understands and feels the emotion expressed in the masterpieces of the great composers like Beethoven and Brahms. Many people are able to listen appreciatively to the lighter selections of the masters, but there are comparatively few who can listen for any length of time to the heavy symphonic masterpieces of the musical geniuses.

It has been said by the critics of the day that America is "jazz crazy." I consider this statement much too broad owing to the fact that we have many institutions for the furthering of musical education among the younger generation. I do believe that more time should be allowed for music appreciation as a whole, so that not only those who attend our special schools will have the priceless knowledge of the depths and expression of symphonic works.

I believe that I will never forget the thrill I experienced when I visited Roxy's magnificent theatre in New York. The large orchestra under the personal direction of Erno Rapie, playing a wonderful symphonic masterpiece of one of the greatest composers of all times, rose slowly from out the pit. As it went higher and higher and came into full view, it made a gradual crescendo, and finally when it was as high as it was to go, the conductor raised his baton in a manner familiar to music lovers, and silenced the entire orchestra.

It hardly seems possible that the sounds uttered from the throats of many instruments can be controlled and regulated by a creature as small as a single man, for indeed he does seem small before such musical grandeur. With a slight motion of his baton the many musicians are instantly ready for action. Another such movement and the instruments send forth sounds that cause thrills to electrify the most unemotional of people under ordinary circumstances.

Personally, I am looking forward to the time when I will be able to fully understand every movement of the conductors, the marvelous gatherings that make up a great symphony orchestra, and every chord and single note uttered from the inside of the most complicated instruments.

Betty Buffington, '34

Les Impressions d'un Francais a New York

J'avais toujours eu l'ambition de faire visite à New York. Mes parents avaient passé la plus grande partie de leur vie à la campagne, et a leur mort en l'année dix-neuf cent trente et un j'ai vendu la maison paternelle et, prenant l'argent qu'ils m'avaient légué, je suis parti pour Paris.

D'abord les foules, les klaxon, la vitesse des taxis, m'ont beaucoup confus, mais après plusieurs jours passés à parcourir les rues et à m'y accoutumer je commençai à me seutir tout à fait boulevardier.

L'esprit toujours un peu bronille, j'ai pris mon billet pour la traversée à New York par un des vapeurs transatlantiques. J'ai fait la connaissance de quelques-uns des passagers les plus démocratiques et j'ai fait un voyage des plus agréables. Le dernier jour du voyage, je me trouvais bien excité; j'étais sur le point de voir la grande ville de mes rêves. L'entrée dans le port est une des choses que je n'oublierai jamais. Le va-et-vient des bacs et des remorqueurs restera longtemps dans ma mémoire. Je n'avais jamais vu de grotte ciels et pendant plusieurs jours je me sentais égaré au milieu de ces édifices énormes et parmi tant de gens de toutes les nations et de toutes les races, et puis chacun avait l'air si detaché, si absorbé de ses propres affaires! Il me semblait un monde tout à fait different de celui ou j'avais étée élevé.

Frederic H. Brownell, '33



Devinettes

Cet animal est très méchant. Il demeure dans la forêt et trompe beaucoup de bons fermiers. Il aime à manger leurs poussins. Il a un veston des poils rouges et ses griffes sont très aigues. La plupart des animaux ne l'aiment pas. Pouvez deviner le nom de cet animal?

Constance Cary, '34

L'animal dont je vais écrire une description est fort et gros. Il est brun, noir, ou blanc. Il a une longue crinière si quelqu'un ne la coupe pas. Ses quatre pieds sont très forts et fermes et quelquefois il donne un coup de pied. Il est un des meilleurs amis de l'homme parmi les animaux. Son museau est bien grand et aussi ses yeux et sa gueule. Il peut trotter vite et il est très intelligent. Sa queue est longue. Il travaille ferme pour son maître sans récompense; vous pouvez voir qu'il est généreux avec son service. Est-ce que vous savez qu'il est?

Marion Heald, '35

Cet animal a les poils courts et grimpe très vite par les arbres, son visage est assez triste et laid mais drôle et gaillard cependant. Il est brun et plutôt petit. Il a des mains et des pieds semblables à un humain. Il demeure en Afrique et est souvent dans les ménageries. Il aime les cacahuètes mais aime aussi les bananes. Qu'est-ce qu'il est?

Anne Hewitt, '35

Je suis assise sur un banc dans Le Jardin Public à Boston. J'entends les oiseaux chanter. Je vois les canards noirs et blancs dans l'étang. Tout à coup j'entends une petite voix jacasser et un petit animal gris avec une longue queue touffue, saute hors d'un arbre et court à travers mes genoux. Dans ses pattes il porte un panier de pêche qu'il pousse sous le bord de l'herbe. Il a les yeux petits et méchants.

Cet animal est:—devinez!

Charlotte Nye, '35

Those interested in the answers to the above hieroglyphics, will kindly turn to page 35.

The Story of a Match

When the white-pine trees are cut into planks they are seasoned at least a year so they will make good matches. After the planks are kept for this length of time they are cut on the grain about two inches thick. Then they are planed on one side and butted into blocks which measure the length of a match. Before the blocks go to the match floor of the factory they are inspected for the third time. After the blocks are fed into the match machine, they are cut into sticks. These are forced into small holes in steel plates. The plates are passed through a chemical solution so that the match will not light again after it once has been blown out. They are next sent through a drying chamber to drive off extra moisture, and to fix the chemicals in the splint. After this they go through hot paraffin wax, followed by another drying process by means of blasts of hot air. They next pass to the composition mechanism of the machine and receive the proper amount of composition—a solution of potassium chlorate—which forms the lower edge of the tip. This splinter is then transferred to the glass and phosphorous tip, thus changing them from mere pieces of wood, into matches. When the heads have been put on, hot air is blown on the matches to dry and set the head material. The matches are finally automatically expelled from the plates on to circular tables where they are packed.

This is how we get our matches.

Eleanor Wood, '36



Day of Daze

The morning of the sophomore initiation arrived at last, bringing with it memories of the dire threats made by the upper classmen. I was rather dubious about donning the required rig-out, but finally settled the issue by saying, "Aw, it won't be so bad." In this state of mind whatever the "uppers" did to me I was going to be prepared for it. After putting on my make-up and swallowing a hasty breakfast, I dashed out of the house and ran the remaining distance to school to avoid being questioned about my odd colored stockings and millions of pig-tails.

Once in school I felt more at ease, for all the rest of my classmates were sharing the same fate as I. The first thing on the school program was an assembly which gave the boys a chance for a good laugh. They could be hilarious; it wasn't their initiation!

Entrance to our first class was greeted by loud guffaws from our torturers and more giggles from the boys. Right there I recalled the old adage of, "He who laughs last laughs loudest," and resolved that if I ever had the chance to return their mirth I would make the most of it.

The exercise of the morning had given me a keen appetite and as I went downstairs to the cafeteria, I visioned myself getting on the outside of a large bowl of chicken soup. After giving my order, however, I found Helen Thornley ready to feed me, just as if I were still a baby.

The novelty had worn off by the time afternoon sessions were reached, and fifth and sixth periods were uneventful. Then came the initiation proper.

I was summoned to the gym and politely informed to put on my gym suit inside out and backside to. Imagine the strained humor of these juniors and seniors! They further made fools of themselves by blindfolding us and leading us around the track. That trip I shall probably remember more than any other part of the proceedings. I thought, finally, it was all over because I was asked to shake hands. Eagerly I thrust forward my hand but oh! torture! It sunk in a soft sticky mixture, probably soap or lard. This was followed by a series of biffs, bangs, socks and a flour-covered face from kissing the Constitution of the G. A. A. Downstairs the order was to sit down and wait until time to remove the blindfold.

Concluded on page 30

On Driving a Car

"How I Got My License" is almost as good a topic for discussion with high school students as "My Operation" is with middle-aged women.

"Was it hard to get?" queries the non-driving friend as you airily wave your pink temporary license in her face.

"Not at all," you nonchalantly reply, forgetting to mention that awful moment when you were just about to step into the car with the inspector and your knees wobbled horribly beneath you, and the whole thing seemed like a nightmare. But even if you did ruin a couple of documents during the simple process of signing your name, you weren't so nervous as the girl, still joked about among the inspectors, who ate a whole box of aspirin tablets before taking the test.

"No, it wasn't so bad," you repeat. And it's the truth. The actual test isn't so bad; it's the night before spent tossing sleeplessly on your bed, hoping and praying that no one will see you taking the test so that it will not be known if you fail; it's the weeks of practise, sometimes with a calm teacher who seldom criticizes, and sometimes with an irritable and excited member of your family who insists on making futile clutches at the wheel and mentioning the car approaching on the left, the bad corner, and not to forget to put out your hand — all of which you were considering at that very moment.

The time you took a piece out of the elm tree while turning around, the time you spent hours driving in New Bedford hunting for a space about two hundred feet in length in which to park and the time you went over the curbing at the corner of Huttleston Avenue will soon be forgotten. You are an authority on driving for you have a license.

Charlotte Gidley, '33

Continued from page 29

Then came the best part of the program for the seniors. This was the time when they could persecute the girls against whom they had a grudge.

To the joy of the onlookers and to our embarrassment we had to perform, such as reciting, singing, dancing, cheering and other foolish things while our prosecutors sat and ate peanuts. They would!

The program finally ended with the serving of refreshments and as I took off my costume I called it a day long to be remembered.

Dorothy Tribe, '35

A Nobleman Loses His Dignity

CHAPTER I

Sir Gregory Durhume strolled nonchalantly down the street, whistling blithely, and from general appearances, in a happy mood. Sir Gregory was one of the younger titled set of England, a very studious young man with a cultivated taste for art and literature. The peaceful atmosphere was suddenly rent with howls and yells as two boys fought directly in Sir Gregory's path. A peaceful man would not have attempted to separate the boys. Neither did Sir Gregory.

The first paragraph may seem unnecessary as the story goes on. It is merely written to show the reader the peaceful nature and quiet temperament of Sir Gregory, and that the events which follow seem unusually surprising when we consider these characteristics.

CHAPTER II

"And," said Sir Gregory, "I certainly think that I could gain a great deal of material for my book by going to some of the ale-houses in the slums and spending an evening there, observing the actions and habits of the people of the lower classes.

"A ripping idea," put in young Bill Prosper. "Lady Vera, Sir Jasper, and myself will go with you!"

So was arranged a slumming party from which was to arise tremendous happenings.

CHAPTER III

Sir Gregory and his party entered an old ale-house situated on one of the worst streets in London. The owner of the establishment escorted them to an ugly specimen of wood which he proudly described as a table.

"Now," said Sir Gregory, "I'll take a few notes on what I see here. This certainly was a jolly idea of mine."

A voice raised loud enough to be heard throughout the room suddenly broke out, "Pipe the mugs which jest came in." Said this un-

ruly voice again, "Oh my deah Cecil, Spring is heah." A general roar of laughter went up from the table at which the owner of the voice sat. The voice, owned by one Sam Weller, continued.

"'Bloomin' aristocrats they be — a'livin' on the fat of the land while us which sweats at labor sets here in poverty."

"'T'which I says, bring me another mug of ale," said a Mr. Higginsbotham who sat at Weller's table.

At this point, Sir Gregory, becoming red in the face, ordered hot chocolate. A few moments later, he gazed with disdain at the muddy-looking liquid which was placed before him, and to which the management haughtily referred as chocolate.

The eloquent Mr. Weller continued. "And look at fish-face over there," pointing to Sir Gregory. "I wouldn't have that face for a million pounds." He reflected a moment. "No, not for two million pounds," he roared, warming to his subject, and bringing his fist down on the table with a mighty crash.

"To which I agrees," put in Mr. Higginsbotham, cramming his mouth full of sardines, "and to which I says them that 'as money 'as it, and them that 'asn't 'asn't, and 'andsome is as 'andsome does." This interesting bit of philosophy was evidently lost on the other occupants of the table who gruffly told Mr. Higginsbotham, in no uncertain terms, to desist — seeming to prefer the eloquence of Mr. Weller to the philosophical bluntness of Mr. Higginsbotham. Both eloquence and bluntness, however, were caused by over-indulgence in beverages of an alcoholic nature.

"'E looks like a bird what writes poems," continued Mr. Weller, pointing again at Sir Gregory. "a bloomin' tulip 'e be, but I says I writes poems better 'as 'is, which I 'enceforth proves". Here he took a paper out of his pocket upon which were scrawled several lines.

"'ere's somethin' I wrote last night while athinkin' about my Nancy.

"'Lovely creetur, I feel myself a damned—"

"That can't be right," put in Mr. Higginsbotham.

"No, it ain't damned," replied Mr. Weller, "it's 'ashamed'".

"And cir—' I forget what this here word is."

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Higginsbotham.

"No. Circumscribed; yes, that's it."

"It's not as good as circumwented," said Mr. Higginsbotham, shaking his head gravely, "not so tender."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed,

In addressin' of you, for you are a nice girl and nothing but it."

"That's a wery beootiful sentiment", put in Mr. Higginsbotham, "what I like about that poem is that there aint no callin' names in it—no Wenuses or nothin' o' that kind. What's the good o' callin' a woman a Venus or an angel, says I?"

"And that ain't all," said Mr. Weller, "and with the kind permission of the turtle-faced gink which sits at yonder table, I'll continue."

The reader can see that Mr. Weller's dislike for the unoffending Sir Gregory was growing more and more, and that Sir Gregory was frothing more and more at the insults hurled at him by the gifted but intoxicated Mr. Weller.

"My good sir," said Sir Gregory, addressing Mr. Weller, "I beg of you to keep your opinions to yourself."

Mr. Weller roared with drunken laughter.

"Says which?" he jeered, "people 'ere 'as a right to voice their own opinions."

"Continue with your poem," said Mr. Higginsbotham, emerging from under the table where he had vainly looked for his pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Weller did so.

"Afore I see you I thought all women was alike,
Now I find what a reg'l'r soft-headed
Turnip I must ha' been,
For there aint nobody like you."

"Beeooootiful", reiterated Mr. Higginsbotham.

Here a general hubbub occurred and a cry of "Police!" suddenly resounded.

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "we're agoin' to be arrested for keepin' open onter 12 o'clock, and I says let 'em come. And you," addressing Sir Gregory and his party, "can hide in t'other room, which proves as how Sam Weller 'as a 'eart of gold."

Sir Gregory and his friends followed Weller's advice just in time for the bobbies were already crashing in through doors and windows.

"Welcome to our city!" screeched Mr. Weller, "Welcome! Welcome!" and getting up with difficulty and bowing laboriously he continued: "and if you'll look in yonder room you'll find a bunch of white-livered aristocrats which thinks they's hidin' from the arm of the law!"

Sir Gregory then stepped out and addressed one of the policemen.

"Judson, my good man," he said, "I had no idea it was after twelve or I would most certainly have left long ago."

"I understand, Sir Gregory," replied the Bobbie, "I'll let you off this time, or your friend Cap'n Holmes, would give it to me. Good thing you know me, though."

"What's this?" screamed Mr. Weller, "a pamperin' o' the upper classes and lettin' 'em off? This is what causes revolutions! I wouldn't mind so much but when this here fish-face is let off, I get mad."

Sir Gregory had stood enough insults for one night. His temper was on edge. He strode to his table, took his glass of chocolate, poised it in his hand a minute, and then threw it into the air. The law of gravity states that no substance, unless propelled by some mechanical means, can long stay suspended in the atmosphere. The glass ably illustrated this law by falling. To be precise, it fell on the head of Mr. Weller. To be more precise, it fell on the second from the left of the four weird wisps which Mr. Weller laughingly referred to as his hair, causing Mr. Weller's face to assume a dark, chocolate hue, and causing him the discomfort which Sir Gregory thought the gifted poet richly deserved.

So reads the tale of how a noble lost his dignity, and an infuriated Mr. Weller demanded the nobleman's arrest for assault and battery. But the "pamperin'" of the upper classes prevailed, and instead of arresting the titled lord the police laid violent hands on Samuel Weller, who now occupies a "beeoootiful" one-room suite on the second floor of Kenty Jail. Mr. Weller rated this for being a public nuisance while under the influence of an intoxicating beverage.

Ah, rascally Fate! That genius should languish unheralded in a House of Correction! I use the words of the unfortunate poet and notorious sot: "This is what causes revolutions!"

Earl J. Dias, '33

Tomatoes are Cheaper

A plea to those few, the majority outside of our school, who have been inconsiderate of the standards which we, the student body, hold high.

Many complaints have been received by people who have been hit by flying tomatoes or eggs on the eve of a football game. To be sure, these complaints are caused by only a few; but how often the actions of a few reflect upon the many!

Suppose you should be showered with various missiles, your clothes spoiled, or your car polished with egg and tomato stains. Would you keep quiet, or do as you were done by? You would probably go back and jump on your prosecutors. Why let Fairhaven people be the oppressors?

Football enthusiasts would be better off at home sleeping, than staying up all night ruining people's cars, clothing, and lowering their bank accounts. All these uprisings cost money — money for weapons, for clothes, for cleaning cars, for damage done to our monument. In addition to this, and what is more important, the morale of the school is lowered. For years Fairhaven has been proud of its High School; it is up to us to uphold this standard, not to diminish it. This way of welcoming or celebrating is unsportsmanlike. If we lose, let us be good fellows. There is no need to vent our disappointment upon the victors, to whom belong the spoils.

You say, "They damage our school property." Perhaps you do not think so, but you damage more of your school property than they do. If we win, let us not rub it in either. No one likes to be reminded of defeat. How much more Fairhaven citizens will think of our sportsmanship if we discontinue this way of celebrating. So let's all get together, stop any hint of rioting, and maintain our school standard of Good Sportsmanship.

Ricordo Holt, '36

Answers to French Animal Descriptions

1. le renard.
2. le cheval.
3. le singe.
4. l'écureuil.

School Days

CHARACTERS: Mary—John's sister.
John—Always in a rush.
Mrs. Brown—The Grandma.

SETTING: The first day of school in the Brown's home.

TIME: Half past eight on Monday morning.

John: (Yelling down from upstairs) "Gram, where's my best shirt? I can't find it."

Grandma: (Sighing deeply) "John, I told you it was in the top drawer; and hurry, it's half past eight and you're going to be late for school."

John: (Reluctantly) "Oh all right."

Grandma: (Calling from the foot of the stairs) "John, when you wash don't forget to get your neck and ears *clean*. Mind you now, you'll march yourself right up stairs and wash them again if you don't."

Sis: (Eating her breakfast) "Sit down and rest, Grandma. He'll be all right, don't you worry. If he's late once, he won't be late again in a hurry."

John: (Running down the stairs) "Gram, will you tie my tie? I can't do it."

Sis: (Rising from table) "Hurry up John! I'm not going to wait for you if you don't." (Goes and gets hat and coat).

John: (Spying his breakfast on the table) "Gee Gram, do I hafta eat that? I don't like oat meal. Gram, can I have a nickel if I eat it, huh?"

Grandma: (Impatiently) "Yes Johnny, but do hurry."

Sis: (Picking up books) "I'm going John. You're too slow."

John: (Mouth too full to speak but just waves his hand about and mutters a few sounds).

Grandma: (Hustling about) "There's the bell now. Come John!"

John: (Mouth still full but runs for hat and coat) "Bye Gram" (Kisses her and runs out of door).

Grandma: (Sighs as she sits in chair) "What is that world coming to?" (Gets up and starts clearing off table).

Helen Handy, '37

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

A Sequel to "Sohrab and Rustum"

A sketch depicting the scene when the messenger brought the news of the battle to Tahmineh.

Act I

Messenger: (Breathlessly running to the door of Tahmineh's house) "Could'st tell me how I might deliver this message unto Tahmineh, wife of the great warrior Rustum, and mother of our brave and beloved Sohrab?"

Tahmineh: "I am Tahmineh. Speak thy message!"

Messenger:: "From the Tartar Army I come this morn, from the Tartar Army far from here. Sorrowful indeed was this message when it did'st reach mine ears, and even more should'st be unto thee. Thy brave son Sohrab was killed in battle by Rustum, his father, ah yes, Rustum, who did'st in ignorance kill his own beloved son."

Tahmineh: "What is that that thou say'st? Know it for thine own self to be truth?"

Messenger: "Ah indeed! Did I not see it with mine own eyes? Oh 'twas sad, sad indeed. If only Rustum had known, if only some kind fate would'st have taken pity on them, and stopped that grievous battle before too late. But, no! It was not destined so! It could not be so!" (Tahmineh turns from door in a daze, and sinks to the nearest seat, burying her face in her hands and sobbing distressingly).

Messenger: (Exit).

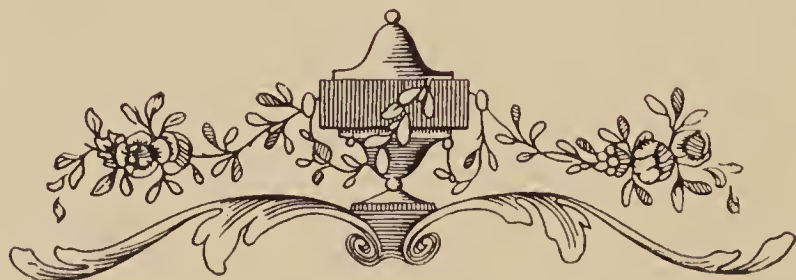
Tahmineh: (tearing hair and raising head as if talking to God) "OH! Woe is me that thou should'st send this terrible disaster upon me and mine own. Oh, Sohrab! Sohrab! Would that I had told Rustum that thou wer't a boy. Then should'st thee have died otherwise than by thy father's own *hand*. Then, perhaps thou would'st have lived to be loved and admired by all the world. Oh, Sohrab! Sohrab! Forgive me! Only for thine own good did'st I keep back from thy father the knowledge that thou wer't a boy. Only for thine own good! Little did'st I dream that thou would'st be killed in such a manner. Oh, Sohrab, please believe that it was because I loved thee that I did so. I did not want thee to have the desire to kill that he did'st have. Oh, Rustum! Could'st thou not have stayed thine own hand one minute

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

longer? Just one short minute? Oh, Rustum, of a truth, 'twas my own fault and mine alone. If I had not been so foolish 'twould never have happened! Oh! I realize that now as never before! Can'st thou not come home and live the rest of thy life a peaceful one? Rustum! Sohrab!"

And with that, tired and exhausted, she drops asleep never to wake again in this world, but to enter the Promised Land to live the life of eternity together with Sohrab and Rustum.

Mary F. Simmons, '35



Voices from the Locker Room

Gimme my hip-pads!
Stay outa my lunch,
Lookit these problems,
Gee, wotta bunch!

Scram from this shower,
Whad'ja have in gym?
Hey! He's got my sandwiches.
C'mon Walt — grab him!

Who chucked that orange?
Yeah? I'll betcha a buck,
Hey, Coach, where's the master key?
My locker door's stuck.

Hey! stop that sweet duet,
It may sound fine to you guys,
But to me—
It's just all wet.

Goin' out for football tonight?
Gee, the ground's soaked,
Well, I guess I'll skip this once,
Quick, Joe. Grab my coat!

Charles Carr, '34

Here and There with the Graduates

We are very glad to see so many of the Class of 1932 attending the football games this season. We regret that more students are not furthering their education, but owing to the depression, this is impossible. Those graduates who are at home or employed near at hand are:—

Aram Belanger	Traveling salesman
Russell Birtwistle	Red's Filling Station, Mattapoissett
Helen Burns	At home
Mabel Chace	At home
Adeline Correia	At home
Eleanor Daly	Frank Vera Law Firm
Janet Dudley	Cherry and Co.
Crawford Fleming	At home
Frank Goulart	At home
John Gracia	At home
Roseda Guilmette	At home
Gardner Kendrick	At home
Victor Kirklewski	At home
Charles Kobza	At home
Grace Mitchell	Continental Wood Screw Co.
Howard Mitchell	At home
Sarah Padelford	At home
Marcel Persin	At home
Joseph Potter	Reservation Golf Club, Mattapoissett
Beatrice Rothwell	N. B. Gas and Edison Light Co.
Marion Shurtleff	Selectmen's Office, Fairhaven
Catherine Sullivan	At home
Josephine Texeira	At home
Edwin Walsh	At home
Richard Whitehead	At home
Mabel Wisniewska	New York

Among those who "came back for more" are:

Phyllis Day	Henrietta Hammond
Raymond Diggle	Frederick Jellison
William Fishback	Leo Kenny
Honora Furtado	Howard Shumway

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Joseph Lacerda
 Louise Osberg
 Freemont Partridge
 Warren Pierce

Luther Pierce
 Martha Portas
 Sarah Radcliffe
 Walter Thomas

Numerous graduates are attending the hospital, business school,
 normal school, or college:

Frederick Andrews	Harvard University
John Broadland	University of Alabama
Edward Busby	Wentworth Institute
Anne Clark	Simmons College
William Ellis	Boston College
Kenneth Hanson	Northeastern University
Malcolm Hirst	Swain School of Design
William Hobby	Segregansett Agricultural School
Bertha Holmes	St. Luke's Hospital
Ellen Jennings	Bridgewater Normal School
Elizabeth Larkin	St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton
Marjorie Law	Kinyon's Commercial School
James Leahy	Brown University
Nancy Lowe	Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School
John McQuillan	Bay Path School, Springfield
Jane Mitchell	Swain School of Design
John Murley	Mass. Institute of Technology
Byron Pardee	Boston University
Lenora Pimental	St. Luke's Hospital
Bernice Reed	Swain School of Design
Evelyn Roe	Sol-E-Mar Hospital
Rosalind Roza	Bryant Stratton, Providence
Orsman Shumway	New Bedford Textile School
Roger Silsby	Harvard University
Florence Smith	St. Luke's Hospital
Jean Stolte	Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School, Boston
Edith Taylor	Katharine Gibbs Sec. School, N. Y.
Myrtle Tickle	Kinyon's Commercial School, N. B.
George White	Boston College
Doris Fonteneau	Married
Bruce Goodwin	Moved to Tennessee

EXCHANGES

What we think of others

"The Brocktonia", Brockton, Mass.

Of all the school magazine received, we consider "The Brocktonia" the best. It is a complete resume of school events written in an entertaining and interesting fashion.

The covers are particularly well done.

"Interlude", South Bend Indiana.

From the middle west comes this very interesting exchange. Starting at the title "Interlude" and progressing thru to "Kupids Kolumn" a unique semi-comical spirit pervades. We certainly enjoyed reading it.

"The Sea Chest", Nantucket Island, Mass.

Combine a list of entertaining stories and articles with the nauticle spirit of Nantucket and you have "The Sea Chest."

The graphic description of the trip to Washington by the graduating class was greatly enjoyed.

"The Botolphian", Boston, Mass.

This magazine is from Boston College High School. It surely turns out some good story writers if the literary department of "The Botolphian" is an indicator.

"The Red and Black", Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

"The Red and Black" is a pleasing exchange. "Who's New" and "Ye Oracle" are original and interesting departments.

"The Green Mountaineer", Burlington, Vermont.

From cover to cover a magazine de-luxe. Excellent stories, poems and interesting departments.

The paper your magazine is printed on helps a lot towards preserving that mountain spirit.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

What others think of us

"For the first time we have received an eastern magazine called 'The Huttlestonian'. Wonder where the name originated. The pictures are exceptionally clear and according to the review of the senior class play, 'Sweetheart Revue', both the cast and the audience had a fine time."

"The Interlude,"

Central Senior High School
South Bend, Indiana.

"Your magazine 'The Huttlestonian' has been recommended to us by the Quill and Scroll Society as one of the best in the country. We should like very much to see a copy and show it to the staff of our 'John Quill'."

Excerpt taken from a letter received from

"John Quill",

John Marshall High School,
Rochester, New York.

The best graduation number we've seen. A very interesting class history, and a wonderful looking class!

Couldn't you find room for a few stories?

"The Green Mountaineer,"

Burlington High School,
Burlington, Vermont.

"The Huttlestonian" is one of the most complete graduation numbers we have received. The pictures are exceptionally clear. We like the idea of listing the graduates' accomplishments.

"The Botolphian,"

Boston College High.

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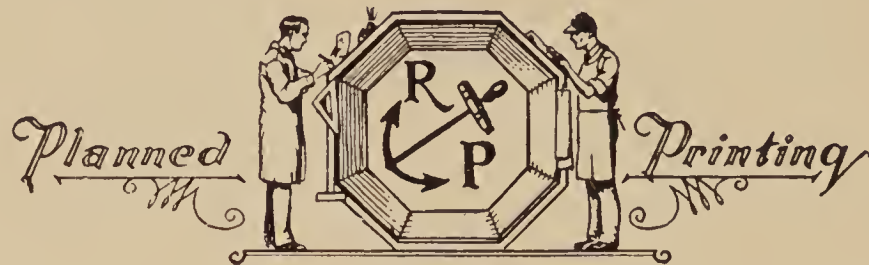
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